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VOLUME 21 NUMBER 3

'MY BOTTOM WANTS YOU!'

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THIS MONTH IN CLUB TEASE!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty One Number Three

This month, Clubsters, I'm skipping the witty badinage, in-jokes and whingeing that usually fills this column, and addressing an issue of concern to all of us: The Alarm — why are they still together? OK, for those of you too young to remember, The Alarm were (and still are, apparently) The Worst Group In The History Of The World.

The shock news that they haven't split up is frankly astonishing. It defies all reason that such lamebrains should still be breathing, let alone recording their repulsive records. I suppose they must still have some feeble-minded 'fans'. I just hope none of them read Club — we like to think our lot have some taste.

The foursome from Rhyl started out as The Toilets, and changed their name to The Alarm in 1981 after Dexy's Midnight Runners fired them as a support act because they were so crap. They first came to the attention of a nation already traumatised by the Falklands War when they appeared on *Top of the Pops* playing their single *68 Guns*, the third worst record of all time. Singer Mike Peters was so ugly that complaints were received at

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the BBC from worried parents, concerned he may give their kids nightmares.

They followed this up with the second worst record of all time, *Where Were You Hiding When The Storm Broke?*, and then dropped into obscurity until 1986 when they charted with the worst record of all time, *Spirit of 76*, which depressed the public so much it contributed to the return of the third Thatcher government. Their sad story should be a lesson to all of us: just because you're utterly useless it doesn't mean you won't get a Club editorial devoted to you.

Not much space left, so I won't tell you about anything in the issue — you can find that out by turning the bloody pages anyway, you lazy bastards. Before I close, I would just like to note Saint Esther Rantzen's remarks after her libel triumph over *The People* newspaper: "They can call me a fat, untalented old cow..." she said. Well, Esther, we've been dying to say this for ages: you're a... (Oh no, you don't! — Bazza Brief, Legal Adviser.)

(P.S. The Alarm split up two years ago, ack-sher-lee — Rockin' Richard Guy) ♣

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More letters; more phone calls; more proposals of marriage (and a few other things); it all adds up to make Lucy Halloran the most popular girl Club has ever featured! So how could we refuse to have our gorgeous 20-year-old Girl of the Year back?

"I've discovered sex properly since I last appeared," says Lucy. "I'd always been a bit naive, but since I started getting noticed as the Girl of the Year I've had some very interesting offers — and a fortnight ago I finally decided to take a guy up on one of them!

"Before, I'd only had sex with my old boyfriend — you know, lights out and him on top. This guy, though, was keen to show me a few tricks! Now I've tried sucking a guy off, and getting it from behind, which I think was the sexiest thing I've ever done. Over the next couple of months I'm going to try everything else I can think of — so if your readers have any suggestions, they should let me know!" ♣

Parkinson's Disease. The most inviting was Eternal Leisure. "Wanna rest in peace? Then repent at Leisure, the last resort for atonement."

Fifteen minutes later, I finally climbed aboard the train, also decorated with ads, this time for Angel Temp Agencies. Soon after I was at Judgement Central. All services beyond this point were strictly Northbound or Southbound.

Judgement Central provides several little shops to help you look smart and impress on your 'Big Day'. Die Rack sold overpriced silk scarves to cheer up your shroud (£45.99) whilst Nick-a-Box offered to buy your second-hand coffin. The only other building was what looked like a giant Job Centre packed with Asians reading the cards on display. It was the Re-incarnation Recruitment Centre, proudly boasting "More successful comebacks than Frank Sinatra!" I sneaked a quick look at one of the vacancies. "Fly needed for Balham public convenience starting at 10K of shit p.a." I was glad I wasn't a Hindu.

Instead I walked through a battered fire door marked DSP (Pearly Gate branch). It was packed with bored bastards sitting on plastic stack-a-by chairs. At one end were five positions, three of which were closed, where stony faced staff interviewed clients. Another dot matrix sign read, 'Please take a number and sit down... Current Waiting Time... Four hours.'

"Fuck!" I thought. "What am I going to do for four hours?" Then I saw the hoarding.

"Time on your hands? Then why not watch your own funeral live and exclusive — only on Blue Sky Saint-a-lite TV? Top dead commentators Richard Dimbleby and John Snagge provide expert comment and in-depth analysis on your burial or cremation. See what you're missing on Earth with Blue-Sky-B TV."

Now that was something worth seeing... — *Nathaniel Fatbastard (p.p. Doris Slut)*

Next month from beyond the grave: Old sod Nat watches himself get put six feet under. ♣

Lynette

Photographs by Michael Moore

Lovely Lynette may look very exotic, but the Birmingham -born beauty insists that she's really a down-to-earth English lass at heart.

"I moved over to the South of France about three years ago with a couple of my girlfriends," reveals 21-year-old Lynette. "We've all been living in this lovely apartment together — and things can get pretty wild, I can tell

you. There seems a constant stream of good-looking young French blokes in and out of the place most days!

"I do think the French have a very healthy attitude towards sex though. There's absolutely no coyness here — if I fancy someone I can just come out and tell them!

"Mind you, I do miss British fellas," she confesses wistfully.

"French men have got all the romantic lines, but the Brits are definitely better lovers. And you know what they say — actions speak louder than words!

"Still, whenever I'm feeling really randy I can always just hop on the ferry and in a couple of hours I'm back in good old Blighty, ready to make up for lost time!" ♣

Photographs by Steve Colby

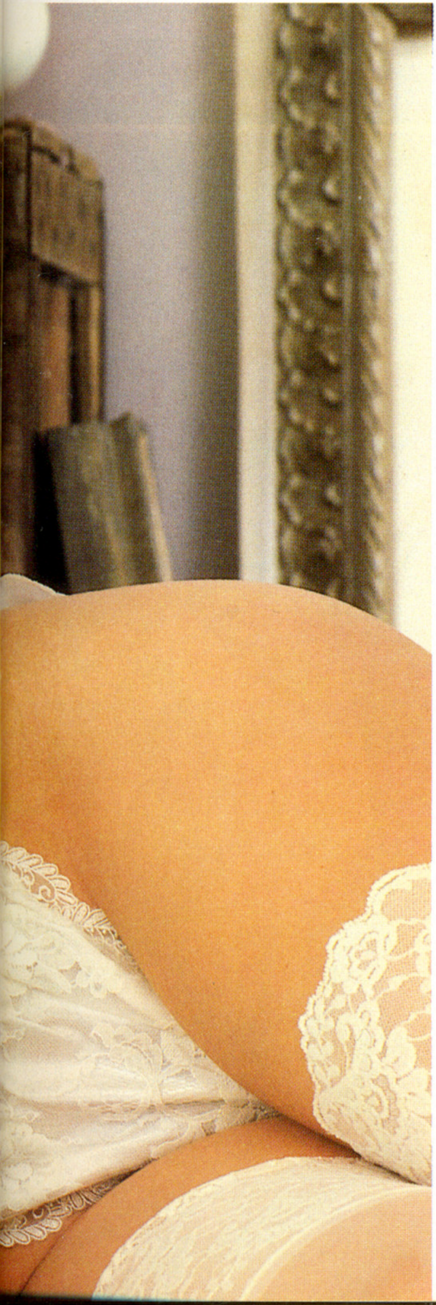
cute Kim

SHE'LL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Hiya! It's Kim here again and this month I've gone back to Victorian times. You see I'm just an old fashioned girl; but those Victorians could be pretty naughty — just like me!

I was hunting around my mother's cupboard the other day when I found all these old clothes and photographs. I even found a picture of my great grandmother posing in her lacy underwear — now I know where I get it from!

Anyway, I found this white chiffon shirt that belonged to her. I couldn't believe how sexy the thin fabric felt as it



brushed up against my sensitive nipples.

I sat in my favourite chair overlooking the garden, then I lifted the shirt up and started rubbing my fingers against the insides of my thighs. I pushed a finger into my pussy, making circular motions on my clitty with my thumb. My other hand was teasing my nipples, and I was surprising myself at how naughty I was being!

Suddenly I heard a knock against the window and I saw the gardener standing there watching me. Of course I invited him in, but not even I can tell you what happened after that!

Keep on sending your fantasies to me, until next month, fellas! — ***Kim*** ♣

If you want Kim to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to KIM

Dear Kim,

Women in uniform really turn me on, so I'd love to see you dressed as a WPC. You'd come to my flat dressed in uniform including stockings and high heel shoes.

You'd knock on the door and when I opened it you'd say in a scolding voice, "I believe you have some unpaid parking fines. I'm here to collect the fine, but not in money!"

With that you'd push me into the bedroom and order me to strip off. As I lay on the bed, astounded, you'd rip your blouse off and unzip your skirt so it falls to the floor. Underneath you'd be wearing a black lacy basque and no knickers.

You'd crawl over me saying, "Now for the payment!" and grab my large, hard cock which would be throbbing for your touch. You'd lower your head down onto it and engulf it with your hot lips. I'm sure having you sucking me off would bring me to the most explosive orgasm I'd ever experience!

Doesn't it sound wonderful

Kim? Would you like to live out my fantasy with me? — *Roger, Nottingham*

Well I don't know about that, Roger! I mean, could I bring myself to indulge in these frivolities with such a naughty law-breaker? A parking fine is a terribly serious offence and I think in real life my fine would be a lot harder — and I'll bet that wouldn't be the only hard thing around! I'll leave the rest to your obviously rude imagination!

Dear Kim,

My girlfriend Elaine and I think you're the cutest girl we've ever seen. Our favourite fantasy at the moment involves Elaine and I having sex on the top floor of an empty double decker bus as it drives around London.

As Elaine licks my pussy I hear someone walking up the stairs. I look over and see you dressed in a bus conductor's uniform. Elaine looks up from my fanny and you ask, "What are you two doing?"

We stutter an explanation, and to our surprise, you ask if you can have a go. We both nod our heads eagerly, and you get between my legs and open them wide before lowering your head to taste my juices. As you're bending over Elaine pulls down your skirt and knickers and spreads your legs.

We'd continue our sexy threesome all round London, finishing outside our house. We'd invite you in and the three of us would make love for the rest of the day on our king size bed.

OK, so we know it'll never come true — but surely you have to admit that you'd get turned on in that situation?! — *Louise, Hull*

Well, I'll admit it — yes, I would be very turned on in that situation! When I see a pretty girl I do think 'Oh wow, she's really cute', but so far I've not been in a situation where I've slept with another girl. It's not that I wouldn't, it's just that I haven't. But you never know what's around the corner do you Louise!?

Dear Kim,

Phew! Your pictures really get me horny, and the ones in Vol 20 No 12 of you undressing for bath-time had my temperature rising to almost 200 degrees!

When I bought my copy of Club I ran myself a bath and slowly got to work on my cock. I imagined you coming into the bathroom, undressing, then joining me in the bath. You'd replace my hand with yours and guide your mouth onto my hard prick, sucking me until I shoot my load down your throat. I'd then spread your legs wide and I'd rub your hard, throbbing clitty.

The water would splash all around us as you jerked in delight. Finally I would dry you off with a fluffy towel, then carry you into my bedroom and lay you gently on the bed. Your skin would have a wonderful pink glow bought on by the hot bath water. I'd slide on top of you and we'd move together perfectly, both coming at exactly the same time. Doesn't that sound wonderful, Kim? — *Paul, Ilford*

It certainly does! I loved having the bath-time photos taken. Now whenever I have a bath I remember how I felt during the shoot, and my purring little pussy gets all a-tingling!

I have two baths every day; the reason being that the bath is definitely the best place to have a little fiddle with my naughty bits! Oooh, and you all thought I was such a shy girl! ***— Kim*** ♣

CINDY

Photographs by Harry Linden

When it comes to impressive hat-tricks you'd be hard pushed to find one more appreciated than Cindy's three appearances in Club to date; and judging by this one; it's a definite home win for the girl from Brighton with the best pair of strikers on the South coast.

"It just seems to get better every time," smiles the 21-year-old secretary. "I normally have to dress so formally for work that I relish the chance to

squeeze into a tight dress, stick my boobs right out and wiggle my bum at the camera.

"You guys certainly seem to like it anyway," purrs the blonde bombshell. "I've been reading through all your letters, and you're a very horny bunch. It's really flattering to know

that a lot of men find me sexually attractive. I only hope that I'll always be as popular with you fellas!"

There's no doubt about that, Cindy. We reckon you'll be playing to capacity crowds right here in Club for some time to come! ♣

julie ann

Photographs by Jack Harrison

We're pleased to feature 19-year-old Julie-Ann's modelling debut in Club but we can't understand why it's taken her so long to appear — it's obvious she's a natural.

"I come from a small country town where everybody knows who I am," says the bubbly brunette. "I guess I'd never thought of doing modelling — at that time my ambition was to become manageress of the corner shop. Anyway, at the shop we got a supply of men's magazines in and sometimes I sneakily took a

copy home. I was stunned by all the beautiful girls and the horny letters and I knew from that point on that I wanted to be part of it all!

"Unfortunately I've not had many naughty experiences that I can tell all you fellas about yet, but I've got my fingers crossed that I'll soon meet some friendly people who will show me all the sights of London and teach me a thing or two. Any offers?!"

Ask a silly question, Julie-Ann... ♣

julie–ann

club

kelly

Kelly from Manchester certainly has the sort of stunning figure that would turn heads wherever she goes, but what really catches your eye about the 21-year-old barmaid is her dazzling mane of red hair.

"Fellas are always coming up and

Photographs by Harry Linden

asking if I'm a natural redhead," laughs Kelly, brushing a finger through her titian locks. "Of course, what they really want to know is if my pussy is the same colour! I even heard the regulars at the pub were having bets on it — is she or isn't she? It's like that bloody hairspray advert on the telly!

"Anyway I thought the only way to show them all — short of lying naked across the bar — was to get my pictures in Club. I'm very pleased with the results; and as you can all see fellas — the answer's definitely, yes!" ♣

Time

LISA

Lovely Lisa is new to all of us here at Club — and she's new to the world of nude modelling. This was her first time in front of the camera, and the design student from Reading revelled in it.

"I've always loved being the centre of attention," confesses the raunchy 20-year-old after she'd finished her debut shoot. "I'm the sort of girl you'll find down at the student bar on a

Photographs by Harry Linden

Friday night, having a few drinks, then doing a saucy strip on top of one of the tables!

"All my friend's think I'm well over-the-top, but you wouldn't believe the attention I get from the fellas after a quick flash of my boobs and stocking tops! I reckon I've got the most pampered pussy in Berkshire!" ♣

clare

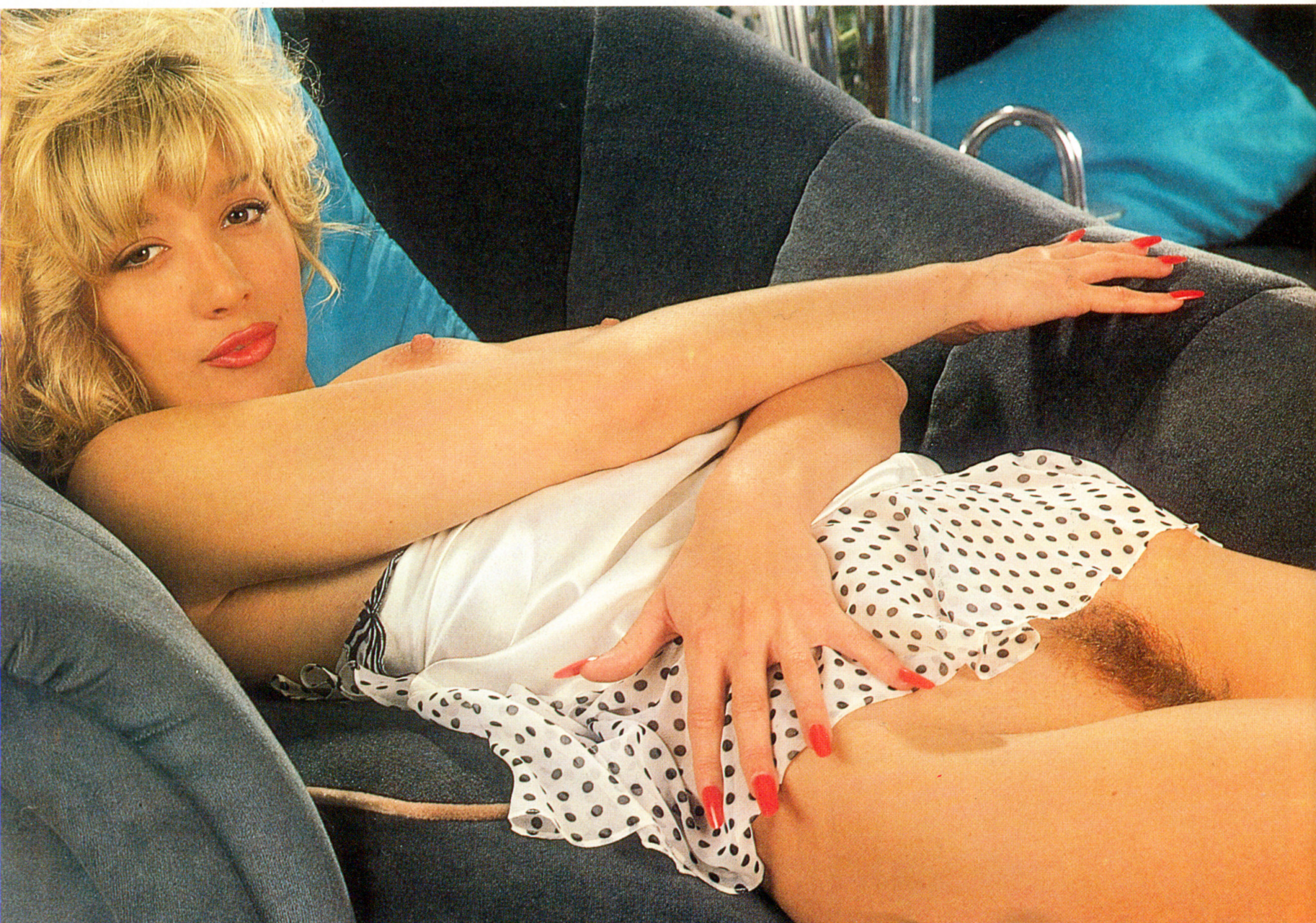
Photographs by Jack Harrison

Blonde bombshell Clare is young, free and single — and on the prowl for her ideal man. "I guess I'm looking for the male equivalent of me," purrs the 20-year-old hairdresser, pouting seductively. "He's got to be tall, blonde, fit... and the naughtier the better!

"I need constant

attention — especially in the bedroom, so he'll have to be a sexual athlete if he hopes to keep up with me. I like to make love at least two or three times a day, and if he can't keep up with me, he'll soon find himself replaced with my trusty dildo.

"Of course, I'm not unreasonable, and I am open to compromise... I mean he doesn't have *to be blonde!"* ♣

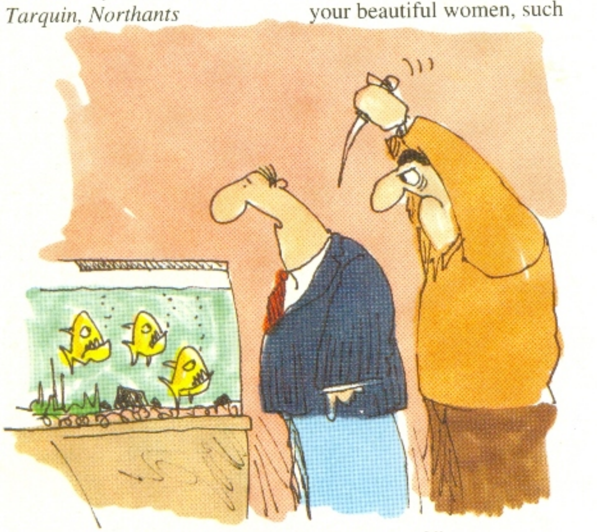


IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Serious stuff

Can you put some serious letters at the start of your In The Bag section please? Call me odd if you want, but I always like to see a witty comment or sensible suggestion before we get on to the really filthy bits. — *Tarquin, Northants*



"What do you feed them on?"

You perv, Tark. Still, here you go... — The Ed.

Stuff being serious

I was thinking about all the glorious girls you feature, when I had a wonderful idea. Why not feature some of your beautiful women, such as Lisa Anne in Vol 21 No 1, in sensational 3D? You simply put the two stereoscopic images side by side in front of you, totally relax your eyes, and five seconds later — bingo! The magnificent 3D image suddenly pops up between the other two.

By the way, until that bit about Joke Repair Man, I had no idea at all that the stuff about the Palatial Club HQ was a joke. You poor guys. — *Chris, Cumbria.*

Bit technical for us, Chris. We can't even spel yet. And by the way, it was a joke about the palatial Club HQ being a joke.

But what do you, our great family of readers, think? Should we have a boring bit at the start of In The Bag so we can pretend to be a serious magazine, or should we go straight into the dirty letters we all know we want to read really? You can write and tell us if you like, but we'll probably ignore you.

Now, at last, onto the really filthy bits...

Terry-ific

My name's Gilly and I'm one horny girl who loves loadsa willy! I've a good body (38-24-36) and I've yet to meet a man who can resist me.

I work in an office full of men and as I'm the only girl I get plenty of chances to flirt outrageously — especially with my boss, Terry. He's a well-built fella with a promising-looking package in his trousers!

One night after knocking-off time, Terry presented us with a crate of champagne. "We've all been working hard," he said, "so it's time to enjoy ourselves a bit."

After a few glasses of the bubbly stuff my flirting became even naughtier than usual towards Terry. He was loving every minute of it, especially when I leant forward so he could see my bulging cleavage! Eventually I excused myself to go to the toilet.

I was just checking my make-up in the ladies when I heard a knock on the door. "Who is it?" I asked, hoping desperately that it was Terry. I wasn't disappointed.

"What do you want?" I asked coyly. "You know very well what I want!" he exclaimed cheekily as he pulled me into a cubicle and started kissing me.

I was only wearing a skimpy dress and it didn't take long before he had me completely naked apart from my stilettos. His eyes eagerly looked over my body before

Dear Gabriella,

I just had to write in and tell you of my delight when I opened Club Vol 21 No 1, and saw you sitting on that motorcycle with a tight pair of jeans showing off your bum.

I'm the proud owner of a Harley Davidson Ultra Glide, and I can just imagine going out for a ride — with you as my pillion passenger.

It's a hot summer's day and after a short ride out of London we pull over beside

MEET THE STAFF

We revive this clapped-out old series to introduce new(ish) editorial dogsbody Simone Hotten, tragically born a pig.

We held a swanky black tie ball to welcome Simone Hotten onto the staff — and didn't she look lovely!

"It makes all the difference when I paint my trotters," simpers Simone. "It's amazing what a bit of varnish can do for a girl's confidence. Even though I was surrounded by the world's best designers, writers and photographers, I felt calm and happy enough to eat 16 boxes of chocolates and 40 gallons of swill — not to mention all that champagne!"

Simone was recruited to do all the crap jobs nobody else wants to bother with, such as washing the models' underwear and listening to the Editor. "I don't mind," grunts Simone. "It's a great break to work for the best mag in the entire universe.

"Mind you, I do get annoyed when the Editor makes jokes about my tail, though. After all, it's a lot bigger than his."♣

a field of long, lush grass.

You lie down and spread yourself on the ground, then reach into your bag and pull out a bottle of suntan oil and ask me if I'd mind rubbing some over your shoulders. Of course, I agree.

"Mmm, that's lovely," you purr, then you slowly peel off your top to reveal your pert boobs.

My mouth moves to meet your nipples, then I start to kiss my way down over your stomach and further down to your neatly shaved pussy. What happens after that? I'll leave that up to you, Gabriella! — *Max, London*

Mmm, that sounds like my kind of fantasy!

Of course, you missed out the best bit, Max. That's the bit where I slowly peel off your leather trousers and then we fuck each other right there in the long grass — how does that sound to you, Max?! — Gabriella ♣

he ripped his own clothes off.

I wasn't surprised to see that his cock was erect — and big! Terry pushed me gently against the wall and started kissing up my leg, caressing my thigh and then moving up towards my wet fanny. My fingers ran through his hair and I encouraged him by pushing his face into my pussy mound.

My legs were spread as wide as possible as he sucked on my swollen clitty. I groaned loudly and ground my mound against his face. "Suck it all up!" I cried as I started coming.

Terry lapped up my juices eagerly, then positioned himself so his cock was in reach of my mouth. My tongue licked all around the tip of it, then I greedily lowered the whole of my mouth onto it until I could take no more. I sucked noisily, enjoying the salty taste of his cock while he whispered compliments about my style. I don't like to boast, but I've never had a complaint about my cocksucking yet!

The way his cock was throbbing I knew that he was almost ready to come, and he gave a massive groan of dissatisfaction as I pulled him

continued on page 40

Photographs by Jack Ha son

Lucy

gobble!

FAT FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

He may be dead, but *Nathaniel Fatbastard* still writes exclusively in Club International — the only mag personally endorsed by God! (Possibly.)

Hello there, can you hear me? This is the late Nathaniel Fatbastard doing it from the Other Side with spiritualist Doris Slut. Doris is brilliant at getting hold of stiffies, and even as I speak, her fingers are pumping out my stuff.

All I have to do is convey my thoughts to her, and she types them out — a sort of secretarial service for the deceased. She's handled all the big knobs, taking down the symphonies of decomposing composers, the books of stiff-backed authors and the songs of pop stars who've popped theirs. Although a bit deaf, she manages quite well, publishing such posthumous works as Elvis's *Love Me Blender*, and John Lennon's *Imogen*. Those of you who thought that a little thing like death would stop me from getting my column out regularly were gravely mistaken.

Mind you, I admit to being a bit surprised at being able to do this. I'd never believed in the afterlife. The only heavenly hereafter I'd seen any evidence of was when the barman of *The Goat and Pervert* (12b Pisser's Alley, Catford) once asked, "Would you like to stay here after?" indicating some post-closing time Scotch (£1.20 and the loss of his licence two weeks later). But it seems that my spirit can exist unencumbered by my bloated incontinent body, currently rotting at Stoke Glandiville Hospital. So, I'm in a unique position to fill in all those ladies who want to know what it's like once you've had your mortal coil taken away.

So what was it like to snuff it? The answer is, fucking magic — especially if like me the only option was being patronised by nurses, minor TV celebs and ex-Prime Ministers (see Club Vol 21 No 2). The first thing that happened is that I got a bigger stalk-on than Jack in the pantomime, then my whole body relaxed. Unfortunately for those gathered round my death bed, this included my bowels. But as my free spirit floated high above my physical form, now three inches deep in arse gravy, I smiled ecstatically — thinking, "Thank fuck I haven't got to clear that lot up myself!"

Next I was led along a long dark corridor with a bright light at the end. I thought, "This is what being a sperm must be like. I hope he isn't wanking! I don't want to spend eternity as a stain on some celestial Kleenex." But no! I emerged instead onto the platform of a tube station crowded with lost souls.

"Bloody hell, it's the Northern Line!" I said to a pale man standing by a broken Manna from Heaven vending machine.

"No, mate, this is Purgatory," he moaned. "It's much quicker than the Northern Line."

I looked up at the dot matrix board. 'Eternal Damnation... 2 mins' it read followed by the message '... no trains to Nirvana are indicated don't wait for an Eternity. Board the first service and change at Elysia Fields...' I looked around an spotted a booth marked Enquiries.

"Errr, excuse me," I asked

"Waddya want?"

"A ticket to... err... Paradise," I replied optimistically.

"You need a passport to Paradise. Let's see your B53KX travel form."

"I haven't got a..."

"Fucking 'ell!" he moane "You have to get a B53KX from the DSP."

"DSP?"

"Department of Saint Pet Look, get the next train to Judgement and go up the escalator to Pearly Gate."

He pressed a few buttons on the machine in front of him.

"One Passed-Awayday to Judgement, that'll be thirty pieces of silver."

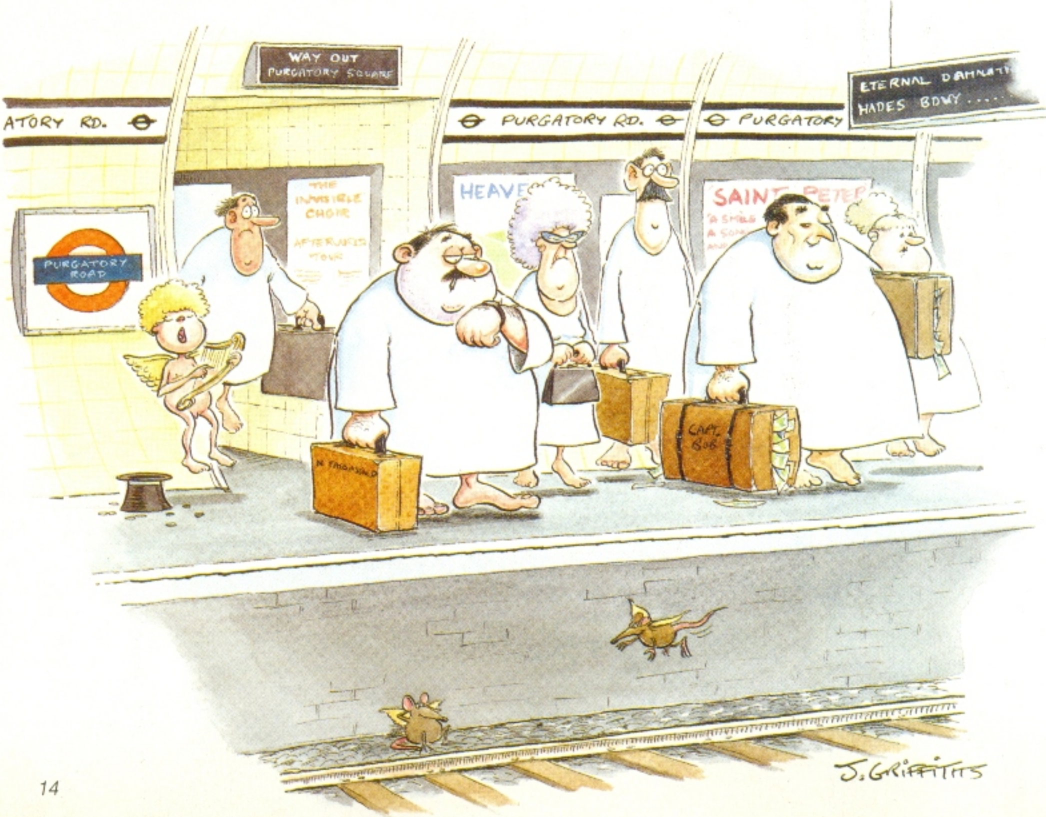
"Miracle Express?" I ask

"That'll do nicely. Have nice death... Bloody tourist

I made my way to the platform.

"Good death. This is the Heaven Line Information Service," announced a tannoy. "We regret that all services to Judgement, Heaven and stations to the Beyond are being delayed due to a soul on the track a Hades Broadway."

Does nothing change? St it gave me the chance to lo at the posters for other post mortal destinations, illustrated with paintings th looked like they'd been do by a five-year-old with



SNAPPED!

Well well well, what's goin' on 'ere then? Looks like a bit of GBH (Grievous Bodily Handling) as DS Ted Roach from *The Bill* (actor Tony Scannell to you) gets his credentials taken down by gorgeous, pouting Debee Ashby. "Cop a load of that, guvnor," she mumbled. "Don't talk with your mouth full, or I'll take my truncheon to you," he replied. "You can bang me up any time you want," she said, and so on, and so on... Look, they weren't really doing anything naughty really, honest. Please don't sue us. — The Ed.♣

motoring

SSCCRREEEEUH!

Club's motoring correspondent, **Horst Pipe**, reaches the parts other car writers can't. Your bile duct, for instance...

That stupid hydrogen-powered bubble-car they unveiled at Tokyo was a bit of an own goal, but Mazda have done it again and produced another winning gobsmacker with a new twin-turbo RX7. Smaller, sleeker and lighter, it also has a deal more poke than the last one, making it fast enough to scare the pants off the fabulous Honda NSX. (Which, you may recall, is the one which put the wind up the Ferrari 348 and a whole bunch of Porsches.)

With a 0-60 time of under five secs and a top speed to match, the 250bhp Oliental locket will also cost a bit less than the Honda — well, about half as much in fact — at less than £30,000. The Ferrari? Oh, add say another fifty grand and a three year wait...

The Mazda RX7 — a winning gobsmacker

● Overpricing cars isn't the only thing Ferrari are getting wrong at the moment either. Their new 512TR, basically an uprated Testarossa, is the company's new flagship now that they've finished building F40s. It boasts a beautiful flat-12 five-litre, and develops well over 420bhp, yet an exclusive testdrive shows that it runs out of steam frustratingly short of the magic double-ton. Nearly 195mph, and then it starts wheezing. And that's not the worst of it: this £140,000 monster is so massive and unwieldy that on anything this side of a GP track — a real road, for example — a well sorted twin-cam hot hatch (such as Fiat's brilliant new 16valve Tipo, available at a showroom near you for a tenth of the price) will slaughter it. Don't believe me? Well you just try throwing a six and a half foot wide one-and-a-half ton two-seater into a wet bend...

The Mazda HR-X; a stupid hydrogen-powered bubble-car

● But then it's still a Ferrari, isn't it, and no matter how good they get, a young whippersnapper like Mazda won't win Car of the Year. Japanese cars never do, even though they so clearly lead the world in both sales and new technology, and this year's award went to der neue Golf, with Vauxhall in second place, and the Citroën ZX third. So are all the disgraced workers at Mazda, Honda, Nissan and Toyota about to commit hari kari because their cars have never won what's said to be the most prestigious award in the motor industry? Or do they just think the whole thing is an irrelevant load of old bollocks? No answers on a postcard, please — we already know...

● As reported last month, the Japanese succeed here even though they keep all their best models to themselves. But one dealer has decided to bring a few Honda Beats over, so if you fancy something rare, right hand drive and revvy, call De Carle on 0734 713244.

● Meanwhile at the Ugly Bug Ball, folk are asking whether Bugatti boss Romano Artioli is now ready to admit that his new 300-grand, 200mph EB110 is 'orrible? If not, why has he agreed to sell up to 30 of them each year without bodies to customers who'd sooner design their very own? Mr Artioli won't say, but hotly denies rumours tha he has also commissioned

quiz

OOH! AAR!

Could you pull in the country? Our horny hayseed **Seth Pitt** has the answer!

Because of advancements in modern communications technology more and more urban dwellers are now able to live and work in the wide open spaces. But how wide open would things be for you?

Would a rural roll be yours for the taking? Or would you lie fallow for so long you'd end up with two little acres? Would the dairy maid hand you her milk yield subsidies and invite you to start ploughing, or keep her fingers for udders?

Now you can find out the answer without getting your green wellies splattered with shite. Our Club quiz has been specially prepared by Seth Pitt, chief agony uncle of *Silage, Slurry, and Septic Tank Gazette*. Just add up your results and see if you score!

1. What is your idea of sophistication?
a) Someone who can speak French so well they can watch Gerard Depardieu movies without reading the subtitles.
b) Someone who can undo a bra with his teeth while simultaneously stimulating the clitoris and putting on a condom.
c) Someone who can complain that foreign imports are putting him out of business, drive a Volvo and pick wax out of his ears at the same time.
d) Someone who can urinate while simultaneously eating grass and rubbing the side of his head against a gate post.

2. What do you look for in a member of the opposite sex?
a) Intelligence that's as sharp and zesty as a Mediterranean lemon, laughter that tinkles like a mountain stream and sensitivity.
b) A body that's as full and ripe as a Mediterranean melon, hips that pump as powerfully and smoothly as a Ferrari's pistons.
c) Melons.
d) Clear eyes, strong white teeth and a thick, tick-free fleece.

3. You are at a Young Farmers' Club disco when you spot someone you fancy. What do you do?
a) Get her a chilled glass of dry white wine, approach her between records and try to strike up a conversation about the latest Anita Brookner novel.
b) Get her a double Malibu and Tia Maria with a paper umbrella in it, then grab her during a slow, smoochie number and grind your groin against hers until she faints.
c) Get yourself ten pints of cider, then grab her for the last waltz and throw up over her shoulder.
d) Get her a piece of raw sugarbeet, then nuzzle her behind the ears while making a soft clucking noise.

4. What is your favourite opening line?
a) I don't want to invade your personal space, but if you do feel like some social interaction my interests are: world music, environmental issues and late Victorian chamber pots.
b) Hi babe! Say, have you ever had your nipples nibble by a wild animal?
c) I'd shake hands with you

ItalDesign to come up with a new shape for the world's ugliest superbug.

● Head man at ItalDesign is Giorgetto Guigiaro, Italy's leading stylist who has designed everything from a piece of pasta to the original VW Golf, and is no stranger to ugliness himself. It's said when he first saw a picture of the hideous Triumph TR7, photographed in profile, his first words were: "Jesus Christ, let's hope they haven't done the same round the other side too." Of course, Triumph had done precisely that, and went out of business shortly afterwards.

● And speaking of Bugattis, if you can't afford to pay your tax bill this April, then it's always worth offering the dreaded taxman your car instead. The Inland Revenue recently accepted a 1910 Bugatti — thought to be one of the oldest vehicles in the country — as part-payment of death duties totalling more than £150,000. As my own account is somewhat in the red, I've been wondering whether they'd accept the company Lada in lieu of what's due... ♣

ARSE FROM THE PAST

Great Moments In Bottom History part five: How the word arse managed to wangle its way into our vocabulary...

In 1547, when King Henry VIII died, the history books tell us that the new king was Edward VI. But we can reveal this as a lie.

As you all know, the Ed is very old — 475 years old — and he remembers a certain Queen Arse enjoyed a brief reign after Henry VIII died.

"She had the most beautiful bottom that anyone had ever seen," says the Ed. "Her skin was peachier than a peach, smoother than a very smooth thing, and such a lovely colour that it had a name all of its very own — bumcolour.

"People came from miles to see it. She was very daring for the 1500s because she used to cut a hole out of the back of her dresses to show it off.

"Unfortunately she got killed by a jealous witch after only three days on the throne. The world was devastated and decided to respect Queen Arse forever by calling all people's bottoms 'arses'. Christ, those were the good days. I remember when you could buy a pound of butter for..."

Er, yes. So now you know, readers! ♣

luv, but mine've been up a cow's arse for the last hour.
d) Baaaaaa!

5. Your girlfriend says she'd like to go on holiday with you and asks for suggestions. What do you say?
a) "Anywhere quiet and secluded with a rich cultural tradition."
b) "Anywhere hot and steamy with a vibrating water-bed."
c) "You've gotta be joking! I can't afford a holiday. EEC agricultural policy is dragging me under."
d) "Anywhere but France. A friend of mine went there once and they set light to him."

6. You and your girlfriend are preparing for an evening of lovemaking when an old friend of hers turns up unexpectedly. What do you do?
a) Smile resignedly and say "Great! Scrabble's so much more fun with three."
b) Smile brightly and say "Great! Sex is so much more fun with three."
c) Pretend to look grumpy and say "I expect we'll have to feed you an' all now", while secretly calculating the amount of money you've saved on condoms, spermicide and other expensive paraphernalia.
d) Form a small flock and huddle together under a wall to keep warm.

HUEEEEEFEY!

7. A hot looking chick comes up to you in the pub and asks you to join her in a night of no-questions-asked raunchy sex. What do you reply?
a) "Thanks, but I find that sex outside the context of a caring relationship is a meaningless experience. Though please don't feel I'm in any way judging, or criticizing your behaviour."
b) "Prepare the erogenous landing pad, Lieutenant. Captain Cocksmanship's chopper is coming in!"
c) "Alright, darling, but you'd better put a peg over your nose — I've just been cleaning the pigs. And you needn't think you can ponce a fag off me afterwards neither."
d) Say nothing. Just keep on munching your hay in a seductive manner.

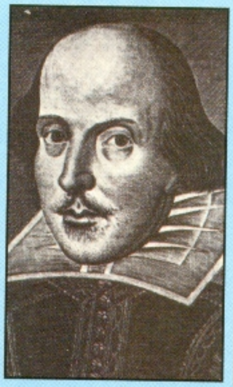
8. You feel the relationship has run its course. How do you go about ending it?
a) Tell her you respect her too much as a person to constrict her personal development in a monogamous relationship.
b) Tell her that when it comes to sex you're like a big game hunter — you think it's a waste of ammunition to go banging away at the same thing for nights on end.
c) Tell her that with the influx of cheap beef from Europe you can no longer afford her. Then rush out to buy a new Volvo.
d) Keep quiet in the hope that she'll soon be sent off to market.

Answers

Mostly As: No chance — I'm a journalist, pal, and even I can't understand what you're talking about. So what chance has a bumpkin bird got, eh? Stop in Islington and knit yourself a fisherman's smock out of organic bran, you big girl's blouse.
Mostly Bs: Who do you think you are? Your flashy clothes, smart car and sexy talk won't impress any of the girls on the farm. They like a real man with manure on his boots. And what the fuck's a clitoris when it's at home?
Mostly Cs: This is more like it. With your sexy combination of good old fashioned moaning, talk about animal waste products and general stinginess you'll find yourself handling more crumpet than the girl on Safeway's bakery counter. It won't be cheap, mind.

Mostly Ds: Hubahubahuba! I don't know about anybody else, but I like your style you sexy beast. Come here and put your feet back in these wellies, old Seth's got a big surprise for you! ♣

WILLIE OF THE MONTH



As the Ed lay in bed the other night he saw a great vision. Lo, and that vision was William Shakespeare rising from his grave.

"Hear ye, fellow countryman," said Shakey. "I, the finest playwright who ever lived, apart from Ray Cooney, hereby request and demand ye rebirth of Club's Willie Of The Month. And I bags that thy first such column shall proclaim my goode self as the lucky Willie!"

Not wanting to disappoint the world's most famous Willie we got straight down to business and dug out this sexsational picture of the antiquated scribe, whose hit shows include Macbeth, Hamlet and Don't Dress For Dinner.

And we're certain you'll agree he makes a worthy Willie of the Month. The receding pubic-like hair, the hip dress sense and the glorious aquiline nose helped to make sure that ol' Willie had all the girls gagging for it back in the 16th century. So even though this Willie is old — dead even — we reckon he could still go unto the breach once more! Though he might find shagging a little difficult. ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

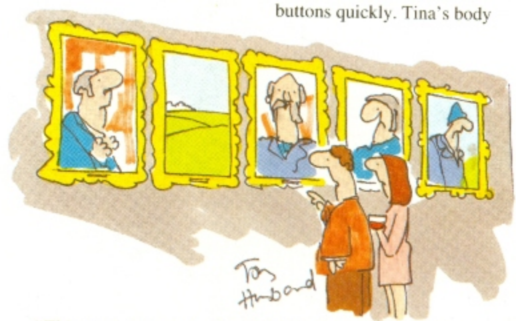
out of my mouth. "You're not getting out of here until you fuck my fanny!" I ordered him.

Taking my not-so-subtle hint he sat down on the toilet seat and pulled me over him so I was straddling his cock. I sank down inch by inch until it was sliding right inside my hot little pussy. I moaned with pleasure as he thrust fiercely in and out while my hands explored his hairy chest.

Every thrust had me coming, and I could tell by the look on Terry's face that he was on the verge of coming as well. I squeezed my cunt muscles as tight as possible and his cock throbbed as load after load of spunk shot into me.

After that we got dressed and tried to look nonchalant when we re-entered the party. I'm sure everybody knew what had happened though, and I found it hard to concentrate on the conversation when I could feel Terry's spunk dribbling out of me.

Terry and I soon left the party and went back to his house. I've been there ever since having energetic sex with Terry at any opportunity. I think I've finally met a guy who loves fucking as much as me! — *Gilly, Belfast*



"This one's my uncle, the Sixth Earl. Apparently he was invisible."

Secretary Sex

I work as a secretary in an office full of girls. I'm 32 and the eldest of all the girls, and I'm pretty sure that none of them know I'm a lesbian.

Last month a junior secretary called Tina was taken on. None of the other girls liked her because she was spoilt, sulky and incredibly beautiful. She could easily have passed as a model in Club; her body was absolutely perfect.

One night I was working late when someone came over to my desk. I looked up and there stood Tina with tears running down her pretty face. I stood up quickly and said, "Tina! What's wrong?"

She fell into my arms crying and said, "Nobody here likes me apart from you. Do you think there's something wrong with me?" I lifted her face up so I could look into her eyes and I said, "I think you're perfect Tina." Her face lit up and she smiled saying, "That means so much to me, Amber!"

Tina gave me a big kiss on the cheek, and I quickly turned my head around so the kiss landed on my lips. I shocked myself by doing this, but she didn't seem to mind at all! Her tongue probed my lips open wider and explored my mouth.

"I've been dreaming about this for ages," Tina whispered between kisses. I certainly felt like I was dreaming! Cautiously, I let my hand brush against Tina's breasts, but she guided my hand so it was kneading her firm titties.

I felt her unzipping my skirt, so I undid her blouse buttons quickly. Tina's body was so fit that her pert breasts didn't need a bra. I brushed them and her nipples quickly became erect from my touch. My hands felt down her body and pulled her skirt and knickers down. Her fanny was completely shaven and she had the plumpest pussy lips I've ever seen.

I pulled my top off, then laid Tina on my desk. She opened her legs, proudly showing off her enticing cunt. Her clit looked as if it was bursting to be sucked so I got to work on it as she wriggled and moaned approvingly.

It was then that I remembered I had my vibrator in my handbag, so I pulled it out. As I switched it on it started buzzing and Tina sighed with pleasure as I rubbed it all around her hole, teasing her juiced up fanny.

My own cunt was virtually dripping, so I climbed onto the desk and over Tina so we were in a 69 position. I lowered my fanny, hoping that she'd like my cunt even though it was a lot hairier than hers. I needn't have worried, because Tina started licking and sucking my pussy like a hungry animal!

Lying on my desk fucking Tina's pussy made me feel so daring and naughty. I wouldn't have changed places with anybody in the

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AROUND THE HOUSE WITH JIM MORRISON

Handy household hints with the dead sixties superstar

Hey, children. Stoned indians walk the highway of my blood-drenched frog. But that's just my way of saying, hey — hello, man.

So, like — how do I keep my pad neat? Simple. It's a gas. Here's the way I dig it, man:

1. Drop three tabs of acid.
2. Drop another one for luck.
3. Curtains need regular cleaning, so fit a hoover extension and really get into those dralon drapes. Take care to hit the dust that creeps in under the pelmet and avoid the green lions that are trying to nibble your kneecaps.
4. Remove red wine stains from pale carpets with a mixture of three parts white wine, one part vinegar and a dash of detergent.
5. Remove groupies from cocaine-induced permanent erections with a long, satisfying fart.
6. Keep your eyes on the road, your hands upon the wheel.
7. Keep those old cornflakes boxes — they might come in handy. Or change into a castle full of masturbating leprechauns when you have your next tab.
8. Always use a named brand of metal polish on your prized brass and silver ornaments. If you have any left over, you can swallow it afterwards!
9. If a friend has turned blue in your bathroom, don't despair: simply take a skin sample and nip round to your local hardware store. They can mix a shade of paint to precisely match your buddy. Hey presto! A whole new colour scheme.
10. Overdose on heroin and die. It saves a lot of work in the long run. ♣

Leslie Nielsen

"Don't call me Shirley" said the Naked Gun star when our man **Tom Funnell** popped round for tea and biscuits. "Wouldn't dream of it, Leslie," he replied.

Club: Is *Naked Gun Two and a Half* better than the original?

LN: The script was particularly exciting in the second one, because this time we actually had a story. Of course, that could have been an accident. It's hard to know, really.

Club: What was the best thing about working with Priscilla Presley?

LN: Getting to do the love scenes with her. She's gorgeous. In fact, I messed up a couple of those scenes so we had to do re-takes on them. And then I messed them up again, and again... I had a pretty good time!

Club: How did you rate Elvis?

LN: I was never really an Elvis fan. Fortunately about the time he started to get famous I started to go deaf!

Club: Which woman would you most like to do love scenes with?

LN: Cher — I like her, though I've never met her. She's a great lady. She's got a great ass too, and every opportunity she gets, she shows it off. I wonder if it's her own?

Club: What phrase best describes you?

LN: "An international sex symbol. A man of rugged power and raw sexuality."

Club: To what do you attribute your legendary sexual attractiveness?

LN: Bow legs.

Club: Are there any disadvantages to being bow-legged?

LN: I'd be about two inches taller if my legs were straight.

Club: Are there any similarities between yourself and your *Naked Gun* character, Lieutenant Frank Drebin?

LN: Well, Frank is just a character I play who is pretty dumb and stupid, and when I go home I leave him behind. However, over the last year or so I've come to realise how dumb and stupid I am, so I feel a real affinity with Frank.

Club: What do you do when you're not working?

LN: I like to play golf — I have a fairly low handicap. I also like to laze in bed for which I have no handicap at all. I am an expert at leg scratching. Doing nothing is really difficult to do because you never know when you've finished.

Club: What is your

IN THE BAG

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world because I had a wonderful view of that vibrator plunging in and out of her tight cunt while she licked my pussy better than anyone had ever done before.

Her tongue was incredibly probing and seemed to find sensitive parts of my cunt that I didn't even know existed. She managed to find a spot that had me crying out and orgasming repeatedly for what seemed like hours. But I still managed to keep on fucking her with the vibrator, and from her yelling I could tell that she was having wonderful orgasms as well.

Her pussy was so juiced up that her sticky sweetness was running down her thighs. Eventually she cried, "No more!" so I rolled off and lay next to her exhausted.

When we had both got our breath back we dressed and I drove Tina back to my house where we continued to fuck all through the night.

Tina's decided to quit working with me so people don't get suspicious. We were always running off to the toilet to have a 'quickie'. I guess now I'll just have to be content slipping a finger or two inside my fanny and waiting till I get home to my lover! — *Amber, Gloucester*

Hot Sock

I've been reading Club for about five years now, and recently it's been looking better than ever. You've featured some of the most gorgeous girls that I've ever seen; but I think the photosets that really shine are the ones of girls wearing ankle socks.

This gives grown women a kind of innocent charm which is always guaranteed to get me feeling very horny. My girlfriend only gets the good humping she deserves when she wears her short tennis socks to bed!

I'm sure that I'm not the only red-blooded male who gets turned on by this, so I hope that Club continues to deliver the goods.

In fact, now that curvy Kim is the regular Club girl, maybe we could have her stripping from a cute netball kit right down to nothing but a little pair of clean white ankle socks. How about it, Kim? — *Roger, Westbury*

Bigger The Better

Being a self-confessed 'boob man' you can probably imagine how horny I was when I met my current

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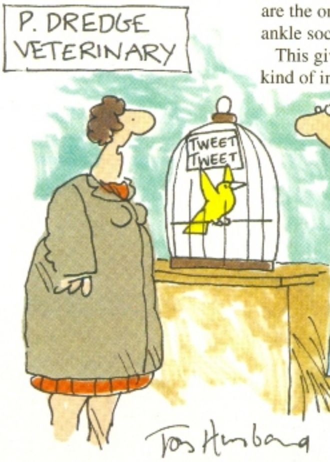


"He's lost his voice!"

contribution to saving the environment?

LN: Well, in *Naked Gun Two and a Half* the theme is all about being environmentally aware, so we decided to re-cycle some old jokes.

Club: What's the closest you've come to death?

LN: I had an accident in Spain a few years ago where I crashed a jeep onto some rocks and I nearly broke my back. I'd been drinking wine at the time. Now I know it's stupid to drink and drive, especially when you're on a beach.

Club: You're always arresting people in movies. Have you ever been arrested yourself?

LN: Almost. I was in hospital after the jeep accident and I tried to get out of bed. My back gave way and at the same time my pyjama bottoms fell down. I was lying there helpless — and pyjama bottomless — and in walked this nurse who was also a nun, and she saw me there and walked straight out again. The mother superior came in to advise me to stop flashing at her staff or she'd call the police.

'I'm an expert at leg scratching'

Club: So did you say "Hold it, sister," like in the cider adverts?

LN: Look, if you guys wanted me to talk dirty, you should have sent a woman! ♣

campaign

BIN THAT BARNET, JOHN!

The mag with the big tackle tackles the big issues. This month: the PM's hairstyle — crap or what?

Regular readers will know that Club has never been afraid to speak its mind. Our campaigns have changed the face of British political and social life: who could forget this string of outrageous successes?

- **POW! The government backs down on raising VAT after Club's Sharon (Vol 20 No 6) warns it will intensify the recession.**
- **ZAP! Heartless moneylenders vow to change their ways when Anne (Vol 20 No 11) shows them her boobies.**
- **BAM! The sale of cat furs is banned after Rosie (Vol 20 No 2) says: "Be nice to my pussy".**

The record proves it — Club gets results. So this month we begin a regular campaigning section, highlighting a different good cause each month, and bringing you news of the progress of past campaigns.

This issue, the focus is on John Major's hairstyle. Shite, eh? How can he hold his head up around the conference tables of Europe when it's covered with that boring mop?

Britain's pride is at stake, so we have prepared some other options for our prim PM. What about it, John? Take a butcher's at our pre-prepared barnets and choose the one you like best!

And you dear reader... WHAT DO WE WANT? John Major to change his hairstyle!

WHY DO WE WANT IT? Because it's horrid!

AND WHEN DO WE WANT IT? Now! ♣

1. The Jason Donovan Flyaway: yes John, this one's especially for you!

2. The W. Axl Rose Hangdown: it's number ten with a bullet. Yeeeeeeeeaaaaaaahhhh!

3. The Edward Scissorhands Explosion: a total mess — just like the economy!

4. The Bleach Blond Sex God: phoooarr — it certainly gives us a hard ECU!

5. The Bryan Adams Bouncer: well, ok, it's pretty shite, this.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA TITANICA

Building into a lavish bound volume of wobbly whammers; Part One comes with bust two free...

Crafted by the same hands that have given you numerous hilarious features over the years, Encyclopaedia Titanica is the definitive guide to the boob. As you know, boobs come in lots of different colours: pink, white, black and golden brown with nipples varying from pale pink to a dark chocolate colour; but in this chapter we'll concentrate on the brown boob.

Figure One illustrates brown boobs commonly found only in the Mediterranean. These notoriously shy creatures can be spotted on most beaches during the summer months from May to July. Great care is needed when approaching them — and do not try to handle them without the owner's permission (see *Knee-in-the-Bollocks; How to Avoid, Chapter 278*). ♣

GRIPPING YARNS

The Big Seep

Mae West once said, "Too much of a good thing can be wonderful". Though what this has to do with a one off revival for Club's clapped out gumshoe **Richard Slick** is anybody's guess...

Chapter One

The name's Slick. Richard Slick. I'm a private investigator. In the past month I've looked into more cases than a gynaecologist in a Club 18-30 holiday camp. I've been up to my elbows in it.

The assignment which had created the biggest stir involved a mad guy who had a job filling Christmas hampers. When he was made redundant he gave his boss a Venezuelan musical instrument as a gift. The present contained nerve gas which caused extreme fatigue in two of the company's main shareholders. The crackers packer's Caracas maracas knackers sacker's backers fracas had been in the news for weeks. Half the US was talking about it. The other half were busy wiping spittle off their faces.

After I'd cleared that one up I was called north to Anchorage. Alaska was in hiatus. And who could blame them? The place was so damned chilly even a Caribbean island with a loony voodoo dictator seemed preferable.

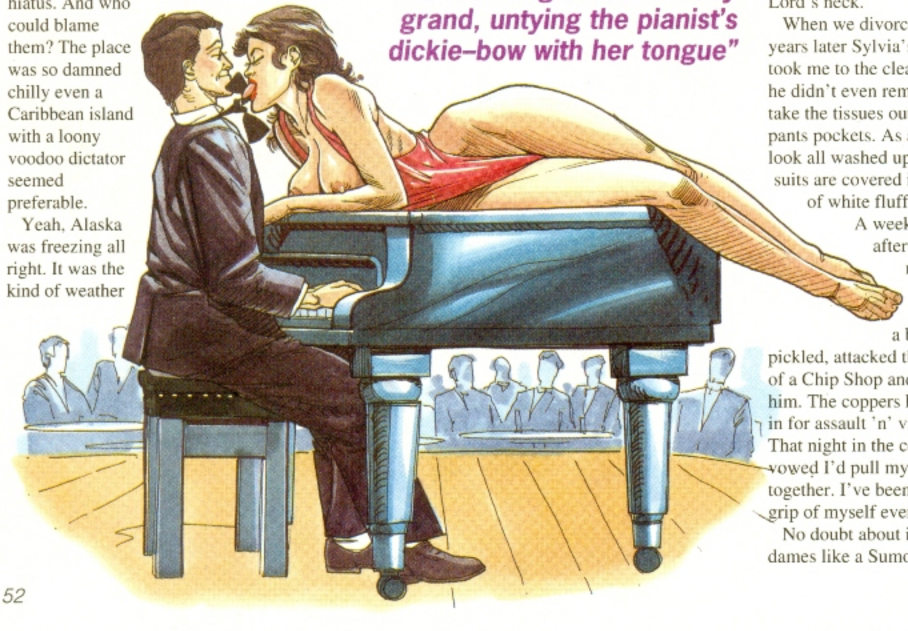
Yeah, Alaska was freezing all right. It was the kind of weather that tested your manhood. And after an hour in Anchorage there wasn't much of your manhood left to test. In cold weather a guy's flesh-tone truncheon is likely to shrink. In Alaska your whole body shrivelled. Some mornings I woke up and I was just four feet six and covered in wrinkles. I thought it was bad one night when the water froze in the glass. The next morning I found an ice cube in the bed. When it thawed out it went "Phhhhhaaaaart!"

I was staying at a hotel that doubled as a do-it-yourself cryogenics centre. People were freezing themselves in blocks of ice and hoping to be brought back to life in the future, when central heating had been installed. The place was the most lowdown dirty dive I'd seen since Francis Lee hung up his boots, but it suited me down to the ground.

I was undercover. I'd been hired by Hazel Organic-Pecan, the environmental nut. She was a woman of strong vegetarian principles. Once, when I told her I was going on a stake-out, she screamed, "Meat is murder!", then fainted. Ms Organic-Pecan wanted me to nut-cutlet-out a guy she suspected was importing whale-meat illegally from the Soviet Union. My investigations proved that the meat in question came from a much smaller fish. It was a bit of a red herring.

Hazel was so delighted with my work she invited me to come with the group she worked for — an off-shoot of Greenpeace called Purple Parts — on a trip to save the forests of Toronto. I told her the only way to save trees in Canada was by eating beavers. She gave me a hot look. I wished she'd given it to me in my hotel room. I could've used it to keep the toilet seat warm.

> **"She'd just finished Ever Ready and was reclining across a baby grand, untying the pianist's dickie-bow with her tongue"**



illustrations by Adam Willis

"I like you, Richard," she husked, the front of her Peruvian coconut matting kaftan heaving up and down like a yak's buttocks during the rutting season. "If you ever fancy some wholemeal stuffing to accompany your nut log, give me a call."

Dames! Give 'em an inch and they want a foot. And that's the sort of measurement that isn't the rule. Me, I keep my trouser tape for my own inside leg only. I had my fingers burned once before. A good looking broad can do that to a man — make him forget to blow his match out.

And what a broad she was. Her name was Sylvia Ditton, but she said her friends called her Sly. She was singing torch songs in the Copabanana night club when I stopped in for a beer. She'd just finished *Ever Ready* and was reclining across a baby grand, untying the pianist's dickie-bow with her tongue.

I asked if I could drive her home. She agreed. Within five minutes I was head-over-heels. But that's enough about oral sex. After that first night's torrid lovemaking she told me I'd spoiled her for any other man. I told her not to be ridiculous — it would wipe off with a damp cloth. Sylvia Ditton! She had pubic hair like ermine. It was always wrapped round a Lord's neck.

When we divorced two years later Sylvia's lawyer took me to the cleaners. And he didn't even remember to take the tissues out of my pants pockets. As a result I look all washed up and my suits are covered in little bits of white fluff.

A week afterwards I hit rock bottom. I went into a bar, got pickled, attacked the owner of a Chip Shop and battered him. The coppers hauled me in for assault 'n' vinegar. That night in the cells I vowed I'd pull myself together. I've been getting a grip of myself ever since.

No doubt about it, I needed dames like a Sumo wrestler needs nappy rash. "Beat it lady," I snarled. Hazel Organic-Pecan might have given me some hi-fibre oats, but I could guess what the after effects would be like — messy.

Chapter Two

So that was how I came to be sitting all alone in my office when the door opened and a dame strode in. She was five feet six with curly blonde hair and lips that were as full and red as a London bus during rush hour.

As she walked towards my desk her hips wiggled more than a snake with itching powder down its vest. She was a swell looking lady. And most of the swell was located somewhere between her navel and her collarbone.

"Howdy, y'all," the dame drawled in a voice as husky as a gopher in a sack full of grits. "Guess'n you mus' be Richard Slick. You know who ah aim, honey?"

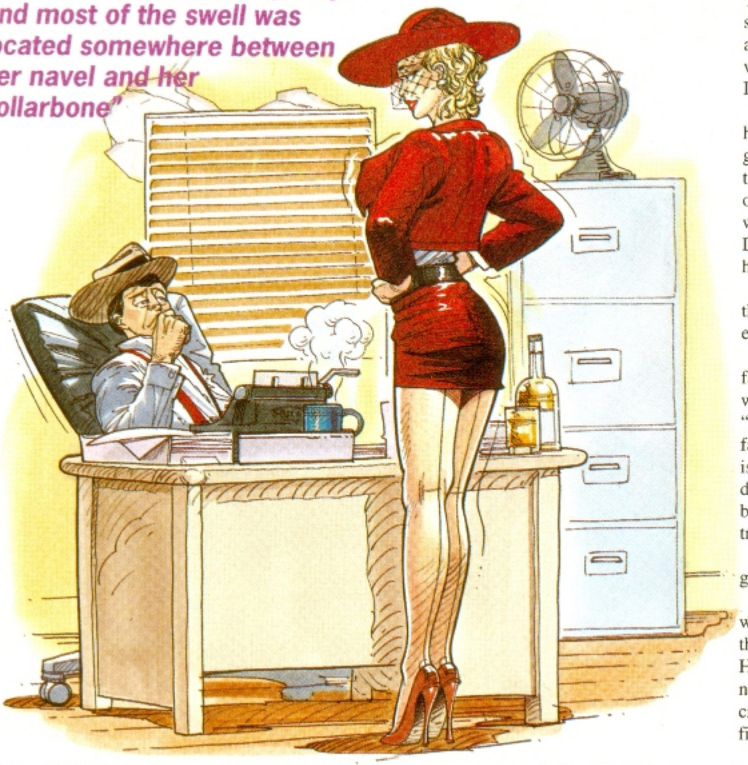
I studied her bountiful bazonkas. They made the EC butter mountains look like a portion of marge in a Blackpool boarding house. If they'd ever seen this dame in Twin Peaks they'd have renamed the place Flatville. "Yes mam," I rasped (somehow that seemed like the appropriate form of address). Sure I knew who she was. Every dick west of the Rockies had heard of Dolly Barton, special agent. "I've followed your cases with interest."

"An' with your eyes too, sugar!" Dolly laughed. "I see it's R. Slick by name an' R. Slick by nature, mister. Still I figure ah aim kinda famous. But y'know despite the fame, the money an' the gold-plated stretch mansion complete with hot 'n' cold running toy boys, ah'm still a simple country girl at hort.

"Yes, sir. I remember back in the old days, livin' in a broken down shack way up in the woods, me an mah fifty-two brothers 'n' sisters only had one shoe between us. We used to take it in turns to hop down to the store. Ah still remember that store, the man who did the buyin' for it wuz named Stan.

"In the winter of '49, mah daddy came out of the closet. Which wuz a complete surprise, on account of we all thought we wuz too poor to own a closet. An' daddy told

"She was a swell looking lady. And most of the swell was located somewhere between her navel and her collarbone"



us he wuz in lurv with the man that bought for the store. An' he sat on a rockin' chair on that old porch o' ours in his gingham frock an' sung us his song. An' it went something like this...

"Stan buyer man/Give me two hams and clingfilm/ Sometimes it's hard to be a woman/Specially when you're a man... Thank you. Thank you. You've bin a wunnerful audience..."

"Just gimme the facts ma'am," I snapped. Dolly Barton had confirmed something to me: in this world there's just two types of music — good music and country and western.

"Well," Dolly said slipping into the chair opposite me and giving me the flash of a thigh that was as pink, plump and nibble-able as a family size marshmallow, "here's the story. Ah wuz hired to keep an eye on a fella who was seen hiding paperbacks under a palm tree..."

"A shady bookstore," I muttered intelligently.

"One day he was visited by this man." She reached into her cleavage and produced a small photograph album. Opening it she indicated a picture. "Y'all recognize this guy?"

"Sure I do. That's the Irish effluent magnate Harry Slime. Better known as 'The Turd Man'. Where does he fit into a bookshop?"

"Under the section marked 'S' for scumbag," Dolly Barton snarled. "I suspect the bookstore was a front."

I nodded. I mean, if anyone knew about fronts it was Dolly Barton. "But what's it a cover for?"

Dolly shook her head and started a commotion under her white silk blouse that looked like an Alpine avalanche. "Ah jurst don't know," she drawled, "but Ah intend to find out. And if you help me out, Mr Slick, I could be lookin' at the biggest bust of my life."

"That makes two of us," I quipped.

Dolly Barton punched me in the face.

Chapter Three

When I woke up there was a squeaking noise in my office and a voice I wished I didn't recognize burbled, "Hey, Rickie, my main man! Looks like we's gonna be working together!" It was Frank Rockjakoside, the TV detective. He was bald, fat, confined to a wheelchair, sucked lollipops, wore a dirty mac and was blind in one eye. The guy was every police cliche rolled into one, except that he was dumb, real dumb. Frank Rockjakoside was so stupid he couldn't find the ground if you pushed him out of a tree.

"What are you doing here?" I barked. "I thought you'd gone to live in Oxford, England."

"Oxford's in England?" Rockjakoside slobbered. People like Frank Rockjakoside shouldn't be allowed out on the streets. They should be placed in a sunny spot and watered once a week. "Gee. That'd explain why I never got to see Inspector Horse."

I didn't bother to correct him. Frank was the kind of guy who had arguments with the green slime on the inside of the ice box, and lost. What was worrying me was that Dolly Barton might be hiring him.

"You can't take this guy on the pay roll, Dolly," I exclaimed.

Dolly Barton smiled faintly. "We need all the help we can get," she purred. "From what I've figured so far it looks like Harry Slime is plannin' to corner the drainage market here in LA by assasinatin' all the waste treatment managers."

"Mass sewer-cide," I gasped.

"Sewer-cide is a very dirty word." The voice came from the doorway of the office. How it had learnt to speak I'll never know. Before I could cross-examine it a burly figure stepped into the room.

It was Harry Slime. He was holding a revolver. Just watching it made me feel dizzy. "Yes," he said in a thick Irish brogue. Though why I bothered noticing his footwear I can't remember. "Sewer-cide is a dirty word. As are murder, arson and wobbly-bits. Words which are very relevant to the three of you at this moment!"

"The others I can understand, baby," Rockjakoside blubbered, "but where does wobbly-bits fit in?"

"Boy, oh boy. You are durmb," Dolly Barton retorted bouncily.

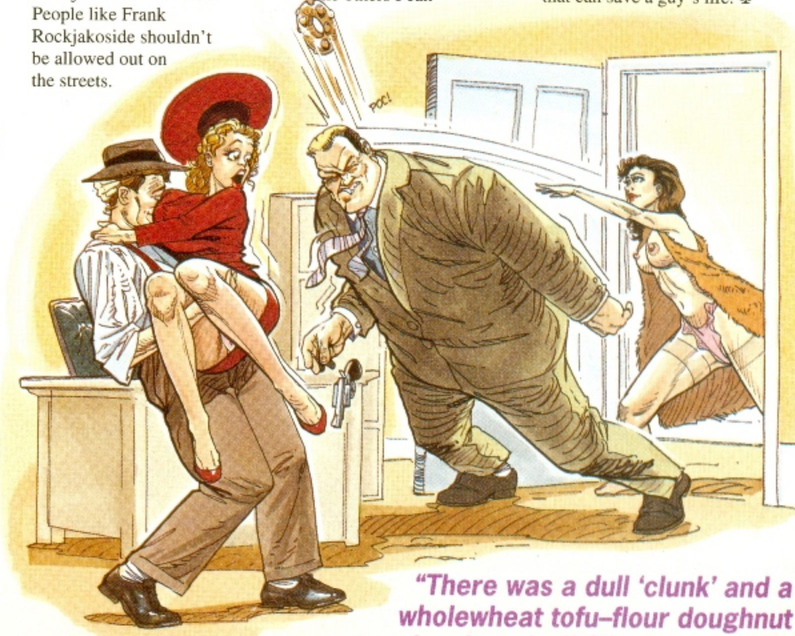
"Yes," Slime oozed, ignoring this interruption, "you have meddled in my plans. I was using that book store as cover for a charity scam. We were pretending to provide toilets for the Third World. Ceramic Relief, if you like. I only had to come up with a gimmick and my plot would've been complete. You know the sort of thing. Something red and funny you put on the end of your nose."

"Mister," I snapped, "the only thing red you could stick on the tip of your snout that would make people laugh is a lighted stick of dynamite."

Slime flushed. He stepped forward and slugged me with a blackjack. But it would take more than a blow with a small chewy sweet to knock me down. I pulled back my fist to deliver a right hook to his jaw. Before I could swing it there was a dull 'clunk' and a wholewheat tofu-flour doughnut ricocheted off Slime's cranium. He collapsed to the floor unconscious.

"Lucky I came back to check on your nuts, Mr Slick," Hazel Organic-Pecan laughed.

Dames! They've always got something with a hole in it that can save a guy's life. ♣



"There was a dull 'clunk' and a wholewheat tofu-flour doughnut ricocheted off Slime's cranium"

TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

VICTOR-IOUS

My name is Judy and I'm 25 years old. I work as a clerk in a small office with two other girls, Nancy and Beth, plus an 18-year-old office messenger called Victor.

The three of us girls were always teasing Victor because he looked so innocent and we were fairly positive that he was a virgin. Whenever the office conversation turned to sex Victor would blush then make his excuses and leave the room. I suppose we were quite wicked in the way we used to wind him up.

Anyway, last month it was Nancy's birthday so we all got some money together and bought four bottles of champagne to celebrate during the afternoon. Obviously this was Victor's first taste of champagne because he became really chatty and confident after his first glass. The more he drunk the more charming he became and when he'd drunk almost a whole bottle he was Mr Suave.

"Crikey!" said Nancy while Victor had gone to the toilet. "Victor certainly blooms into a new person when he's tipsy, doesn't he!" We all giggled and nodded our heads. "Actually, I reckon by the way he's acting he's got a crush on a certain person in this room," smiled Beth, looking straight at me.

"Me!" I squealed. "You're joking!." But the girls persisted that he did and then Nancy said, "I dare you to make a pass at him. It would be so funny!"

"Yeah, go on," ribbed Beth. "I dare you to!" Maybe it was the champagne going to my head, or maybe it was the fact that I'm not one to refuse a dare, but I agreed saying, "OK, then. Let's find out if virgin Victor has got what it takes!"

Victor walked in and we all shut up instantly, though Beth was finding it hard to muffle her giggles. "Hey, Nancy," she said, giving me a big wink while Victor wasn't looking. "Let's go back to the off licence to get some more champers." Nancy took the hint and left Victor and myself in the room alone.

I looked at Victor who was grinning manically at me. "More champagne?" I asked. "Sure!" he said, holding out his glass for me. As I walked over to fill it up I 'accidentally' tripped, pouring half the champagne into his crotch.

"Oh Victor!" I exclaimed. "I'm terribly sorry, let me wipe it up." I got my hanky out of my pocket and started wiping the front of his trousers. Now my plan had been to go this far and then scold him when he got turned on, but as his cock started to grow my eyes widened because the bulge was growing into the biggest one I had ever seen.

Victor was apologising profusely and trying to explain that he couldn't help his erection. "Don't apologise Victor," I said, feeling rather turned on by the sight of the bulge. I guess I must have been hornier than I thought I was because next thing I knew I was rubbing his cock through the material.

Victor looked in a complete state of shock, so I took his hand and moved it onto my chest. "Rub me there please Victor," I said. His hand started grasping my breasts and squeezing them gently. "Is it okay if I undo your

illustrations by Adam Willis

blouse?" he asked shyly. "Of course," I replied.

Victor quickly undid the buttons and I heard him gasp as he saw my large bra-less breasts. I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head he looked so excited, and me being in control was giving me a real power trip.

I unzipped Victor's trouser fly and pulled his trousers off. I was very aroused to see his throbbing cock was an erect seven chunky inches. I couldn't wait to taste it, so I lowered my head onto his prick and wrapped my lips lovingly around it. I ran my tongue over every vein in his cock, then swallowed as much as humanly possible till it almost touched the back of my throat. Never before had I enjoyed sucking a cock as much as I enjoyed sucking Victor's!

If Victor was a virgin, he certainly had great will-power. I thought he would come in two seconds flat, but instead he pulled me up off his cock and undid my skirt so it fell to the floor. I was about to pull my knickers down, when he said, "Please, do you mind leaving them on?" I wasn't too sure what he had in mind, but I agreed anyway.

Victor crouched me over on the floor so I was on all fours, and started finger-fucking me through the knicker material. Feeling the silkiness of my undies against my cunt walls was making me gasp in delight. How come Victor was so experienced?!

I was getting well and truly juiced up, and on the verge of having an orgasm, when Victor pulled my pantie crotch to one side and sank his huge prick slowly into my cunt. His cock was a perfect fit in my pussy; it felt so snug.

Each of his thrusts made me squeal, and I thought I was going to faint from the umber of orgasms it was giving me — or perhaps it was one orgasm just going on or ever! Victor was pumping n and out of me like a machine while rubbing his warm hands all over my bum. My pussy juices were quelching around his cock nd dribbling down my highs. "Hurry up and come," begged, unable to continue or much longer.

Victor gave a loud groan nd pulled his cock out of me, his spunk shooting all over my back. Just at this moment Nancy and Beth came back into the room. They both looked amazed, unable to believe that I had gone this far with Victor.

Victor had suddenly acquired a load of self-confidence, and he said, "What's wrong girls? Jealous? Well why don't you join in!" They both left the room embarassed while Victor started playing with my nipples and working me into another frenzied state.

I guess the old saying 'Never judge a book by its cover' rings true in my case, because Victor regularly gives me the best fucking I've ever had. — *Judy, Swansea*

DEE-LICIOUS

I thought I'd write and tell you about my friend Dee who I've known for 15 years. She's the best friend a girl could wish for; she's kind, generous, funny, and recently a new aspect of our friendship entered our lives.

I tell Dee everything about myself and I thought she could trust me with any of her secrets. However recently there was something bugging her that I knew she really wanted to tell me, but obviously she needed a bit of dutch courage to get it out into the open.

So I phoned her up and asked her if she wanted to come around that night for a good girlie gossip. She said yes, but only if she could bring a friend around. Sure, I said, though I was a bit disappointed that our girlie night wouldn't be so private.

She turned up and when I opened the door I was surprised to see a tall, buxom blonde standing next to Dee. The reason I was so surprised was the fact that this woman was absolutely gorgeous. Even though Dee is very pretty she paled in comparison to her friend.

Dee introduced me to Nina and I sat them down and poured them some wine. After a few glasses our tongues began to loosen and I told them about this cute bloke I was sleeping with. Then I asked Nina if she had a boyfriend and she blushed and said she didn't. I thought it weird that a girl of such beauty could be single, but I didn't think any more of it.

It ended up that we all got rather tipsy, so I told Nina and Dee that there were two single beds in the spare room, and if they didn't mind sharing they were welcome to stay the night.

As I lay in bed I tossed and turned because something was bothering me but I couldn't quite put my finger on it. I decided to get up and make myself a cocoa and as I walked past the spare bedroom I saw the light was on and I heard noises.

I looked through the key-hole and to my surprise I saw Nina lying on the bed naked while Dee sucked her large breasts. I had never suspected that Dee was a lesbian, but for some strange reason I wasn't in the slightest repelled; as a matter of fact I was very turned on.

I kept watching as Dee kissed down Nina's body towards her shaven fanny. Nina's face told a thousand words — she was loving every minute of this! And my fanny was starting to get a little damp as well.

Nina was playing with her

own titties while Dee eagerly licked her pussy. My hand started working its way down to my cunt and I began stroking the hairs of my fanny. Dee's head bobbed in between her legs and I could just hear Nina gasping as her body shook with a powerful orgasm.

My finger sank into my hole easily while Dee started rubbing her cunt against Nina's titties. I closed my eyes for a minute and imagined Nina's finger fucking me, and forgetting where I was I let a loud moan escape.

"Somebody's there!" I heard Dee say, and I quickly got up to run back off to my bedroom. I had just made it to the door when I heard Nina say, "Were you watching?"

Having been caught red-handed, I turned, looked at her naked body and nodded my head in shame. Nina approached me and said, "Dee didn't want you to know that she's a lesbian. I'm sorry you had to find out this way."

I told Nina I didn't mind at all, and she gave me a big cuddle. I started feeling really horny again as I felt her breasts rubbing against the sheer material of my nightgown. My nipples started growing erect, and Nina looked down and said, "Tell me the truth. You quite enjoyed watching, didn't you?" Feeling shy, I nodded my head again, and Nina took me by the hand into the room where Dee was sitting on the bed.

"Dee, I think you'll find that Rita enjoyed watching us and I think she'd like to join in!" Dee looked at me in surprise, and asked, "You're sure?" I took a long look at Nina's curvaceous body and replied that I was positive.

Nina came over to me and I lifted my arms up as she pulled my nightie over my head. My breasts were a lot smaller than Nina's, but around the same size as Dee's. "Come and give me a hand Dee," bossed Nina.

They both took a nipple each into their mouth and started sucking and pulling on them. It felt so good having both played with at the same time, especially by two attractive and sexy girls. Nina started kissing down my body until she got to my fanny. Sensations tingled through me while Nina teased my clitty with her tongue. I groaned, and Dee looked at me and said, "She's good, Rita. Very good."

Nina opened my legs so they were wide apart and she was able to explore the whole of my pink plump lips and deep wet hole. Dee moved behind me and started playing with my breasts with her hands and kissing all over my neck and back.

I felt as if ten pairs of hands were ravishing my body, not just two. Nina sat right under my cunt and started plunging her tongue deeply into me. Dee was standing so close behind me now that I could feel her erect nipples poking against my back, and I could tell that clever Nina was slipping a finger or two into Dee's fanny while still sucking me expertly.

It was like Dee and I were joined together, and as I started orgasming I felt her rub my breasts forcefully and orgasm at the same time. Nina then pulled her finger out of Dee's sweet pussy and put it to my mouth so that I could taste it.

That wasn't the only taste of Dee's sweet come I had that night. Nina taught this eager pupil how to lick between her milky thighs and up into her pussy. We certainly didn't get any sleep that night, and the three of us have repeated our saucy girlie nights often. — *Rita, Worcester*

HOLIDAY BLUES

Playing away from home

GOING DUTCH

Hi! My name's Suzy, and I'm a big fan of Club. I've often thought of writing in to Talkin' Blue, as some of my adventures with my boyfriend and his mates would make your hair curl — but it's taken something really unusual to make me finally put pen to paper.

You see, I've always known I was a bit oversexed. I just can't get enough cock, and with my long dark hair and taut bum I don't have trouble attracting all the guys I want. But until I went to Holland recently I'd always thought of myself as strictly hetero — and now I know better!

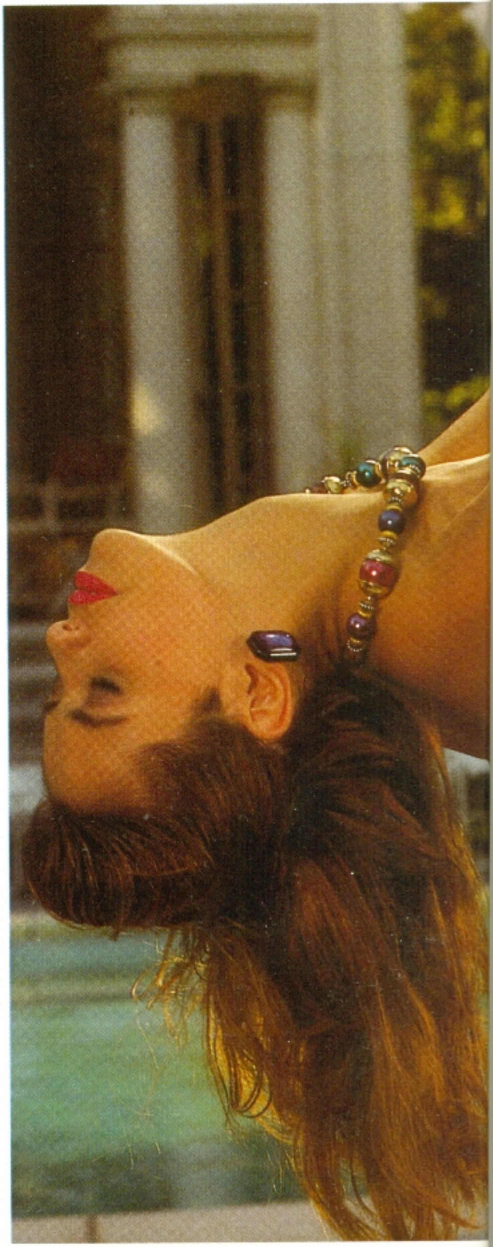
I work for a company that's partly Dutch owned, and lately I've been trying to learn to speak Dutch so I can work in our parent company. It's easier said than done though — I've never heard such a complicated language! In fact I was progressing so slowly that my personnel manager decided to send me over for a couple of weeks' intensive study. Well, would you turn down a free holiday in Holland? I had my suitcase packed and was on the plane before they had time to change their minds!

My boyfriend wasn't too happy about it but I promised not to fuck any other guys while I was away. And I did *almost* keep my promise...

The company looked after me very well, putting me up in a luxury hotel and fixing up language classes as well as showing me around the business. And boy, some of those Dutch guys were so horny! I love men in suits anyway, and these big strapping blond guys got me so hot that most nights when I got back to my hotel I would strip off and lie on my bed fingering my cunt and imagining I was getting shafted by Hans or Wolfgang or whoever had caught my eye that day. By the end of the first week I was absolutely desperate for cock; I even went out and bought a vibrator, which helped a bit... but as you know, girls, it's not as good as the real thing!

Then I heard that there was to be a special ball a couple of nights before I had to go home. I wasn't planning to go out and pick up a guy — but a bit of harmless flirting would certainly raise my spirits! I took a lot of trouble dressing for the night, in a little evening dress which managed to be both classy and very revealing. It plunged deep in the front, showing my big boobs off very nicely, and clung to my bum in a way which I knew would get the fellas panting. The finishing touch was stockings and suspenders, but no knickers, as that always gets me feeling naughty and wet.

My outfit really did the trick, and from the moment I walked into the party I was the centre of attention. It was quite a formal do, which meant there were plenty of opportunities for dancing close, and the whole atmosphere of sexual excitement was making me hot and flushed, and hungry for some action.



I was even on the point of kissing one handsome guy when someone pushed past me and he spilled his glass of red wine down the front of my dress. I rushed off to try and mop it up before it stained, and one of the waitresses offered to take me to the dressing room, where they kept some stain remover. I accepted gratefully, and the pretty blonde led me down a flight of stairs to a quiet room where the waiters and waitresses were allowed to change and leave their belongings while they worked.

I told her, in my halting Dutch, that I was trying to learn her language: I needn't have bothered — her English was very fluent, and we got talking as she looked for the cleaner. Her name was Tina, and I couldn't help noticing that she was very attractive, with long wavy hair and bright blue eyes. Her figure was terrific too, and I had to suppress the urge to stare at her boobs as they strained against her thin blouse.

illustrations by Adam Willis

I got the impression Tina was getting turned on by me too, strange as it seemed. I mean, I'd never even considered having sex with another girl, but as she leaned over me to rub at the stain, I could feel my pussy juicing up and my nipples getting hard with arousal.

"It doesn't seem to be working," murmured Tina as she wiped my dress. "Hold on, let me look under the ight." And she knelt down and lifted my skirt towards he lamp. When she saw I wasn't wearing any knickers he blushed scarlet with mbarrassment — but she didn't pull my skirt down again. She just knelt there, her eyes fixed on my shaven mound, while I laughed and told her not to be shy, as I never wore panties.

As if in a trance, she raised her hand and stroked her fingertips over my plump mound. "I've never seen a shaved pussy before," she said. "It looks really horny."

I even shocked myself when I said, "That's okay, take a closer look if you want." I sat down on a chair with my skirt up around my waist, and spread my legs wide so Tina could see my shaven cunt in all its glory.

"Can I touch?" she asked.

"You can do anything you want, Tina," I replied. My pussy felt so hot and wet that I knew if someone else didn't touch me soon I'd have to do it myself!

Tina began to run her fingers over my smooth mound and plump pussy lips, sending little shivers of anticipation right through me. Then she slid one finger along my soaking slit, centering on my clitty, which throbbed under her touch. When three probing fingers pushed right into my cunt I started squeezing and rubbing my tits through my dress, squirming on her fingers as she brought me to a climax.

"It's my turn now," I said when I'd recovered, pushing Tina onto her back on the floor and pulling up her skirt. Now I'd accepted the idea of all-girl sex, I couldn't wait to get my hands on my first pussy!

Tina's panties were soaked with her juice already, and I eagerly pulled them aside so I could get to work on her blonde pussy. I licked all over her thighs and mound, savouring the smell of her snatch before I reached it with my tongue. I'd tasted my own pussy juice from my boyfriend's cock, but that was nothing compared to the thrill I got sliding my tongue into Tina's hot cunt.

I began fucking her hard with my tongue, and she lifted her hips off the ground to thrust back against me. I could feel her muscles twitching around my tongue and her juice running into my mouth, and soon she was moaning and muttering in Dutch as she started to come. The idea of making another girl orgasm was such a turn-on that by the time she was beginning to calm down I had my fingers buried in my snatch again, my thumb pressing my clitty hard to intensify the horny sensations rushing through me.

Now we'd both come, we could take our time getting to know each other's body properly. I couldn't believe how exciting it was to kiss a girl on the lips, to stroke and fondle her tits, to rub her smooth thighs and run my fingers through her curly bush. I've no idea how long we spent rolling around on the floor together, but it must have been ages, because I suddenly heard a voice yelling something cross in Dutch, and a handsome guy in a waiter's uniform burst into the room.

When he saw us lying on the floor kissing and touching each other, our clothes all rumpled and undone — and no knickers, of course — he stood there with his mouth open, totally lost for words. Tina wasn't short of things to say, though.

"Suzy, this is Peter," she said, blowing him a little kiss. "He's got a fantastic cock — I know, because I've sucked it. How would you like to try it yourself?"

I hesitated for a second, remembering the promise I'd made to my boyfriend — but then I recalled that I'd only said I wouldn't fuck any guys. I never said I wouldn't give anyone a blowjob.

Peter had a grin a mile wide when I said yes, and so did I when he unzipped his trousers and I set eyes on his cock. It was already hard, but it grew even firmer as I ran my tongue around the head and then sucked it into my mouth. I could feel all the veins pulsing under my tongue as I bobbed my head up and down, squeezing his bum cheeks and fondling his balls as I sucked.

"That looks so horny," murmured Tina, as she got behind me, undressing me fully so she could rub my tits and finger my flooding pussy. "I want to see him shoot his load all over you, so I can see how you look covered in spunk." That sounded good to me too, so as Peter started to come I pulled his cock out and aimed it at my boobs. He had so much cream it covered my tits and ran down towards my cunt, where Tina was all ready to rub it into my bare skin.

Peter looked like all his Christmases had come at once, but now I'd had my first taste of his cock I really wanted it inside me. And as Tina was already licking it back to hardness, it seemed a shame to waste it!

He was obviously thinking the very same thing, because he rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. Once I'd felt his rigid rod pushing against my naked cunt, that was it — I just couldn't resist it! I straddled him and rubbed the very tip of his cock over my shaven pussy lips, shivering as it touched every sensitive spot and brushed against my tingling clitty. Peter groaned with pleasure as I pushed his cock inside me and thrust right down on it, and I felt my cock hungry cunt being filled with hot, hard meat.

Tina crouched over Peter's mouth, facing me so we could touch each other's boobs. She was soon yelling as he gave her a vigorous tongue lashing, and I pumped up and down on him, enjoying a chain of little climaxes which got stronger and stronger as his cock sent me into orbit.

"I want to lick his spunk out of your cunt, Suzy," she moaned, totally out of control and loving every minute of it. I came again as Peter shot his second hot load into me, and when Tina pulled me off his still dripping cock I was a bit annoyed; but a second later, when his cock was replaced by her tongue, I was trembling again.

I lay back, marvelling at the idea that this evening I'd set out to the party a lezzie virgin — and now I had a sexy girl licking a total stranger's spunk out of my cunt! And when Peter thrust his prick into her pussy from behind she licked me so hard and fast that I'm getting really wet now just remembering the feeling of her tongue inside me.

I actually speak quite good Dutch now, mainly due to the steamy letters which Tina and Peter send me. Translating them usually ends up with me holding a dictionary in one hand, and my vibrator in the other! I haven't let on to my firm that I've mastered the language, though — that way, there's always the chance that they'll send me on another visit to my horny friends! — *Suzy, Chester*

illustrations by Adam Willis

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

KELLY'S HEROES

My flatmate Kelly and I are a pair of tarts, basically. We met at work through a mutual love of skiving off for as long as we could during coffee breaks and talking about sex, and we've been firm friends — and occasional lovers too, when the fancy takes us — for the past three years. Kelly is 21 and I'm 23, and when we get it into our heads to go out on the hunt for sex, there's nothing that can stop us.

Although I say it myself, we're pretty successful when we go out on the pull. I suppose it's the way we look, and we certainly spend enough time and effort on our appearances. Kelly has a permanent suntan (yes, all over!) from hours spend on the sunbed at our local gym, and my body is really firm and rounded thanks to my work-outs at the gym and the exercise that I get showing off my body down at the local clubs almost every night of the week.

The nightclubs are where we can really strut our stuff and cast an eye over the talent that's on offer at the same time. With my short, blonde bob and Kelly's waist length red hair and the outrageously skimpy outfits we always make sure we're seen in (and every inch of us can be seen in them, believe me!), there's no way that by the end of the evening we aren't surrounded by a whole bevy of the best looking guys in the place and able to have our pick of the lot.

There are so many horny escapades that I could tell you about, but the one that Kelly thought you might be particularly interested in is one that happened at a fancy dress party at our local club that took place last Halloween night. Of course, it meant that Kelly and I were able to really go to town on our outfits. Both of us had the tightest, shortest ever black dresses that clung to every curve of our bodies — and because of that we naturally couldn't wear a stitch of underwear. Every male eye in the whole club was on us the whole night.

Nearly at the end of the evening, Kelly and I spotted a group of guys who we'd had the hots for for weeks. There were four of them, always together, all tasty as hell, and I was ready to bet that their packets were as large and classy as the wallets they were always flashing around. Kelly and I decided that tonight was going to be their lucky night.

It was a piece of cake to chat them up, and when we invited them back to our place it was obvious that they couldn't believe their good luck. Here were two sex mad girls ready to cater to their every need! They just didn't know where to start, so Kelly and I decided we'd have a bit of fun and games, while making sure that we got shagged bandy in the process.

After Gary, Trevor, Pete and Alec had introduced themselves, Kelly took charge of the situation. "We're going to give you a bit of a show to get you all started," she smiled, starting to peel off her dress from the neck down, "and then I bet you'll be game for anything!"

By the end of the sentence she was totally naked except for her high heeled shoes, and there were four pairs of eyes — five if you count mine — goggling at the way she was playing with her own nipples, pulling them right out so they went bright pink from the blood rush, then tweaking and fondling them. I love watching her do that, and when she did her special party trick of pulling one big, bouncing boob up to her mouth and licking it with her tongue, there was an audible gasp from the line-up of guys on the sofa.

"You're all enjoying this, aren't you?" Kelly panted, getting really aroused herself. "But now Lesley's going to do *her* special party trick to *really* get those hard-ons pumping!"

I was out of my clothes in a trice, and the next minute Kelly had pushed me down onto my knees between her legs, and my face was buried in her tasty muff. I love licking her out, and when she did what really turns me on and stuck her index finger into her own pussy, covering it in her juices for me to lick off, my fingers found their way down to my little clitty and I began to play with myself as I ate her out.

"You want to try that now, don't you guys?" Kelly asked, and then we were all treated to the sight of first Alec, then the others one by one, queueing up in front of Kelly as she inserted a finger inside her pussy again and again and let them taste her cunt juices. By now all four pricks were out in the open, waving about and being wanked slowly, hands moving up and down shafts gingerly so that four pairs of over-loaded balls wouldn't explode before Kelly gave the order.

"You're all wearing too many clothes, guys!" I told them. "Get naked and then Kelly will tell you what to do next for us girls."

I've never seen four men get undressed so fast in my life, and the next minute they were all kneeling on the floor in front of Kelly, awaiting their instructions. She didn't disappoint them.

"We're going to play a game called Mirror Images," she grinned, thrusting her pelvis slightly forward so that Pete, the guy closest to her, got a huge whiff of pussy juice. "Two guys go with me and two with Lesley." She chose Pete and Alec, so that meant that I could have Gary and Trevor. "And the rules are quite simple. Whatever I tell Pete and Alec to do to me, Trevor and Gary have to do to Lesley. All right — what are you waiting for? Let's go!"

And so the game started, the horniest game I'd ever played, that's for sure.

"Just do what I do, Lesley," Kelly told me, so I copied her as she crouched on all fours on the floor with her pert bum raised right in the air, so that when she reached around and pulled her lips apart, her partners could get a really good view inside her deep, juicy pussy hole.

I copied her, feeling the sticky juices start to run out of me at the excitement of having two blokes staring right up my cunt. But they were under strict instructions not to touch until they were told that they were allowed to — which simply made the whole situation all the more horny, in my opinion. I love

it when there's someone in firm control of the situation.

"Now one guy, start pushing your fat prick inside me from behind. I really want to feel that thick shaft porking me hard!" Kelly said. Pete was there first, eagerly inching his sticky shaft inside her, going as slowly as he possibly could. But he was obviously having problems holding back his spunk. The sight of him fucking my friend really excited me, and I thrust my buttocks higher in the air to encourage one of my partners to start fucking me. Trevor was the one who took the invitation and he penetrated me with his long, thin prick, and I clenched my pussy muscles, holding him in there as tight as I could while I let my juices run riot all over his shaft. He groaned loudly as I worked on his cock, and soon both guys were thrusting fast and hard, one in me and one up Kelly.

"Okay, guys... now for the next bit," Kelly yelled, as loud as she could when she was panting from the fucking her pussy was getting, and I was getting so turned on from Trevor's prick action that I could barely hear her, to be honest. "I want a prick in my mouth to suck."

Looking at the side of me, I saw Alec's fat cock sliding in between Kelly's rosy red lips, and soon her glistening lipstick was coating his shaft as she slowly worked up and down. I've seen her giving blow-jobs before, but this time she was really concentrating on technique, not using her hands because she had to balance herself on the floor, but working her tongue all along the veins of the salty shaft as she withdrew it from her mouth by lip pressure, then sucking it right back in again, gently grazing the length with her teeth as she took it right back down her throat. At the same time, Pete was still fucking her pussy, building up a furious rhythm that was almost lifting her off the floor.

That was it for me. I just *had* to have a prick in my mouth, that instant. I opened it wide and immediately Gary had thrust his medium sized (but very tangy with pre-come) prick inside. I started the sucking motion right from the back of my throat, using my muscles and tongue to give the sucking of his life.

Kelly paused for a moment, taking Alec's cock out of her mouth. "Don't you dare come," she told the guys. "Because we want you to save up all that lovely spunk so you can spray it all over us later!"

I could tell by the way that they were all panting, their faces all concentrated, that none of the guys would be able to stop themselves from coming for too long. So we only carried on with the set-up for a few moments longer, both Kelly and I really relishing the feel of having a cock filling us at each end, one in the mouth and one in the pussy. We'd both had several orgasms by this point, the guys in the rear position having been ordered to frig our little clitties while they were working their pricks in and out — what a rhythm!

"I can't hold back much more," Trevor breathed through gritted teeth as my pussy did its work.

"Time for action, then," Kelly said, and with one swift motion she'd moved away from both cocks and was lying face up on the floor. I copied her, and we held our boobs in our hands so that they looked even bigger for the four guys who were watching, all their cocks pointing towards the ceiling, stiff and swollen.

"Right, c'mon lads — spray us!" Kelly ordered them. "Cover us with your spunk!"

Trevor was the most desperate to come so naturally he was the first to shoot, great globs of sticky white spunk landing on my thighs and pubes. That immediately set the other fellas off, and from then for the next minute there seemed to be a storm of come raining down all over Kelly and I, coating our boobs, cunts, legs and stomachs in the lovely, gooey stuff. I just lay there, frigging myself and savouring every filthy moment.

"Mmm, that was beautiful. But now for my favourite part," Kelly whispered. I knew what she was going to do then, so I lay completely still and waited to feel her tongue on every part of my body, slowly scooping up all the come to swallow. Spunk must be just about her favourite food!

The feel of her cool tongue on my sweaty body made me feel incredibly horny, and then she finished off licking my pussy until I climaxed again. Then it was my turn, my throbbing clitty having to wait for a while as I made my tongue go to work, licking every single part of Kelly's slender body and feeling her shudder to yet another incredibly powerful climax.

That certainly would have set the guys off again — except that Kelly had decided she wanted to bed me for the rest of the night, so we saw them to the door once they'd all got dressed. To be honest, I'd had such a good fucking that I was totally exhausted, and Kelly was the same!

We've tried loads more group sessions since then, and it's amazing how guys always go wild for them — perhaps they're just not getting any at home! — *Lesley, Lowestoft* ♣

illustrations by Adam Willis

COMING IN club

SPECIAL DELIVERY!

We've always had a bit of a thing about cycle messengers. You know, those ones who zip around the city streets on their mountain bikes in nothing but a t-shirt, some smart trainers and a pair of figure-hugging lycra cycling shorts. So we decided to get one of our own — and who better to do the job than regular girl Kim? Don't worry, though — in our next issue, she doesn't keep those shorts on for *too* long...♣

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IN THE BAG

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girlfriend, Cally. She has mammoth breasts, and she loves them to be sucked and licked. They're about the same size as Tracey's from Volume 21 Number 2; and seeing those gorgeous tits made me want to write and let all you non-boob guys know exactly what you're missing!

On our first date we ended up back at Cally's house, and when she took her skimpy blouse off I almost fainted in excitement. Cally's not exactly a shy girl, and she didn't waste any time by pretending to be; she had my swollen prick out of my trousers and snugly thrusting between her big breasts in what seemed like seconds.

I was so excited that I came almost straight away, covering Cally's tits in my sticky spunk, but I've had plenty of practice to get it right ever since! She tells me that she's a 40DD — the DD standing for doubly delicious!

So getting a tit-wank from a gorgeous girl with big bazoomas is my tip for the best sexual experience you can have. If you haven't tried it yet, then you don't know what you're missing! — *Brian, Walthamstow*

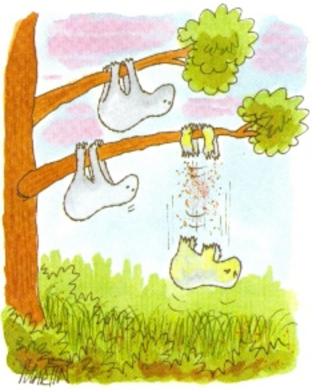
Well done, Lucy!

I thought I'd write and tell you how pleased I was when I bought a copy of Club Vol 21 No 1, and saw that the readers had voted Lucy Halloran — my favourite girl of last year — the Girl of the Year!

I've voted every year, and I pride myself on being something of an expert when it comes to your Girl of the Year competition. In fact, I've managed to pick the top three winners for the last fours years in a row.

Of course, this year had to be the hardest decision to make, because you had so many beautiful girls in the magazine during 1991!

If the January issue of Club was anything to go by, then the next Girl of the Year is going to be bloody impossible to pick — why not just make every girl a winner? That way, I'm sure you'd keep everybody happy! Thanks a lot, and keep up the good work. — *Mark, Colchester* ♣



"I wondered what that funny smell was."

THE GALLERY

More crap etchings from talentless lamebrains.

Martin from Orpington was over the moon when we informed him that he would be the artist — and we use that term loosely — whose terrible attempts at drawing would be featured in this month's Gallery.

Martin says he would welcome constructive criticism, so here we go: 1) It's impossible to tell that this is supposed to be Anita from Vol 20, No 1. 2) Her tits have been drawn half way down her side. 3) The back of her head looks three feet long. 4) Her arse is lop-sided and 5) It's crap.

But Martin, don't let us discourage you. Even though, no matter how hard we try, we cannot call this art, we'd like to thank you for sending it in anyway. We haven't laughed so much since Robert Swift drunkenly admitted that he's never found a girl desperate enough to sleep with him.

Club art critic Edward Floozie-Smith writes: It is not often we see the emergence of new talent. With his new ideas of composition, form and colour, Martin has challenged every accepted belief of the Art Establishment. The hideous scars on the subject's back are particularly innovative, while the chopping off of the top of the head is a sly reference to the influential design concepts pioneered by Club International.

On the other hand, he can't fucking draw, can he? ♣